



THE TIMES.
GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
I Think of Thee.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

What calmly sinks the setting sun
Within the crimson'd west,
And evening's shadows come and go
Across the ocean's breast;
O then my thoughts are wandering, love,
Beyond the heaving sea;
And as upon the stars I gaze,
My thoughts are all of thee.

O, swiftly glides our fairy bark
Through ocean's foaming track;
And oft I sigh to think that it
May lead me back;
And, oh! thoughts, my bosom feels,
And stills all signs of glee;
It in each gale that waits me on,
Bears me away from thee.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE MINIATURE;
or,
LIFE SCENES.

BY WILLIS MACLAY.

CHAPTER III.

"His eye was mild, yet beautifully bright,
His dimpled, blushing cheeks, his many locks,
Showed him a boy of liveliness."

"What is the world? A whirling mass,
Where sin hath track'd ten thousand ways,
Her victims to capture;
All broad, and winding, and aslope,
All tempest with perdition-hope,
All ending in despair."

Montgomery.

EN years before the story opens, a crowd of light-hearted, many boys were playing and sporting near the banks of the river that winded beautifully around the village of M——. Their joyous shouts and flushed faces told of their delight and childhood's exultation, and at the close of each game, they would rush to the wharf and gaze down the river, looking for the black smoke or listening for the "sweep" of the steamer, destined to arrive that evening. A gain they would play, and again they would return to look in vain. The time of the vessel's arrival soon came, as the boys could tell by the increasing crowd of idlers and vagabonds, hucksters and servants, and they ceased their gambols and mingled with the crowd. Louis Chester was there, a waiting his cousin, who was expected; while Graham was with him, for they were devoted friends and were ever in each other's company. At last, the puff of the noisy engine was heard, and soon the steamer was seen nobly cutting the waters, sailing swiftly over the dimpled waves, and leaving a trail of snow foam as far as the eye could reach. Soon it arrived at the dock, and then the clatter attendant upon such scenes commenced. The press of the crowd was very great, and the noise overwhelming; but just a splash was heard and all eyes were turned to the spot whence the sound proceeded; a struggling form was seen, and the faint cry of "Help" was heard.

"Mr. Willie Graham," shouted Louis Chester, "help him, help him, he can't swim a stroke."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed another, "he is floating towards the suck."

"Jump," "strike out," "swim after him," were the exclamations vociferated by the mass; yet no one obeyed.

"Please, please, somebody save him; he is sinking the last time," said Louis Chester, in a pleading tone of voice, but ere he had finished his earnest, urgent request, a noble form had leaped into the water, and now bore him to the shore; he was a mere lad no older than Willie, and soon his strength failed.

Struggling with the little waves that rolled into his mouth, and bearing up his precious burden, he shouted in a pleading voice:

"Do somebody help him!"

Ropes by this time were procured and thrown out. They were seized convulsively, and the lads were drawn ashore. As soon as they were resuscitated, it became necessary for them to be borne to a house and kept carefully, for violent sickness might ensue.

Willie Graham with the generosity and nobleness that ever characterized him, as soon as he could open his lips, and realize his situation, said to those bearing:

"Take him home with me; I want to love him, for I can never pay him back."

The fright, which the news of his son's misfortune occasioned Mrs. Graham and little Sissy, could not be easily imagined, much less described. On Willie all the hopes of that family were centred; the highest expectations, the warmest hopes, would be blighted; if that could not be taken away; the anxiety and distress caused by such an accident, could not then be easily estimated.

But amidst all Mrs. Graham's grief and trouble, she forgot not the preserver. She looked upon him with tenderness and love, but little less than that bestowed upon a son. Now little Sissy was no small auxiliary, to ease the pain of the sick, and to

drive away the dullness of the sick room; for while the mother, with the care of a kind and affectionate mother, administered to the wants, Louisa, with her innocent prattle, dispersed the shadows over the mind, and drove away care and made the heart light and happy.

Spurn not the assistance a child can render. They are innocent, joyous and bright, full of life's pleasures, and tasting naught of its woes. The sorrows that come on the gale of adversity, rest not on them.

The sun beams mildly, the breeze blows softly, the flowers bloom in beauty and the fresh breath of Spring bears the balmy odors onward; the birds warble their notes of joy and sing their songs of praise sweetly to them. To them the music of Nature is ever harmonious. To them everything is beautiful, fair and lovely. To them there is no blighting care, no withering blast; life is all sunshine without shadow, a summer day without the chilly night. Despite not their efforts to assist and ease; their every exertion tends to free the heart of its troubles and make it light again; their every effort serves to gladden and rejoice, to dispense the gloominess and melancholy of care, and make life happy and bright.

A little event connected with the stranger's arrival at Mrs. Graham's, needs to be mentioned. As Willie Graham and his young preserves were borne into the house, the thoughtful mother, as soon as she could recover from her fright, directed Uncle Jake to go after the baggage belonging to her new friend. He heard, and opened his soft blue eyes, and said, "I have none but this" holding a well worn testament.

"I had a noble mother," was the response; no other appeal was made to the feelings; nothing more was said to arouse and melt the mind, but the touching answer brought vivid recollections and crowding memories rushed over the soul. He bid them adieu, and hastened to the boat with Willie. It is not necessary to describe the parting of friends so warm-hearted and generous as these.

"Please tell me your name," and Willie paused, as if expecting an answer, but there was no reply.

Willie urged the question, and his friend answered:

"I have none, all I can recall is that I used to be called when a little child, Walton." He wept, and Willie forbore to touch his feelings further. They passed in silence in mutual admiration and love for each other.

As was expected, Mr. Chester's nephew, Robert Springs, arrived on the evening when Willie's accident occurred. He was a young man of amiable disposition, of proper behavior and of good morals. Mr. Chester had prevailed upon him to be a tutor of his son Louis and Mrs. Graham, having heard that he was a person well

adapted and experienced his determination to do part the next morning.

He retired early, and that was a busy household. Whilst he slept and dreamed of happy visions, Mrs. Graham and her children remained in the room. Willie sat still, and Louisa's sparkling eyes, but flushed violet told that something gave them light. Suddenly Willie awoke upstairs, and left about the bed room, and brought down the jacket, vest and trousers, his stockings, and the other clothes of the sleeper. Soon afterwards Uncle Jake with a staggering gait and shaking steps brought a huge bundle from "down town."

It was quickly opened and out rolled jackets, pants and the other "et ceteras" of boy's clothing; little Sissy could hardly restrain her joy on seeing the numerous things, as they unfolded out prudently, while Willie had frequent recourse to his handkerchief to keep from showing his delight in bursts of laughter.

"Mother," said Louisa, "I'm sure he'll like this blue coat, his eyes are blue and pretty."

"Blue coat and blue eyes—they are very much alike indeed," replied Willie, with a grin. "Oh! little Sissy, you have Ellen in love with him."

"He's a body worth loving," answered Louis, blushing.

However difficult it may have been to choose, under such circumstances, and with so many recommendations of each article, Mrs. Graham made a selection of good and substantial clothing, and Jake was called in to return the rest of the clothes. A neat box lay on the side-table, and into it the clothes were deposited neatly and in order. A nice coat and vest with pantaloons to match, a few pair of stockings, a neat roll of shirts, a good pair of shoes, while on which was inscribed the simple prayer, "God bless you," worked by Louisa herself. A lad was tucked down over the whole, on which was written: "To an unknown friend."

The excitement of the occasion being over, the children soon became drowsy and hastened to bed. Willie layed the clothes he had taken down as carefully as he could, and gazed on the face of the innocent sleeper and uttered a wish that he might be like him.

"Be like Jesus," was the response from the sleeping form.

"Be like Jesus," thought Willie; "would I be so happy and so good? would nothing disturb me, except that I was no better? would heaven feel near, would I do good? I can help but saying like little Sissy, 'God bless you,' you are really worth loving."

Alas! how few know that religion is happiness; how few know that happiness is bought only by a Savior's blood; how few realize that the fondest hope of this world vanish as fast as the wind; how few realize that not the earthly can be too pleasant; or, even the weary gulf of this world of life. Now, the gilded butterfly and crushed it as it lies; he fasts the tempting fruit of life; he abhors the earthly life, and yet dashes himself daily into the fiery furnace, to realize the wisdom of ages; he rejects his own experience and looks before, but not behind

"Why?" asked Willie in surprise, "isn't it for playing cards?" mother always told me it was."

"Wrong!" exclaimed Springs, with well-figured astonishment, "Wrong! why never heard of such a thing; why there is no more harm than in playing a game of checkers, and I have seen men playing that many a time."

"Why, I really thought it was a sin," said Willie.

"Not so; it's not for playing cards, but for playing cards with a master," was the answer of the trustful, comical boy.

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"Mother," said Willie,

for knowledge, nor above for heavenly direction.

The answer baffled him for a moment, but wary and cautious, he proceeded:

"Has your mother ever been to the city?"

"No, I believe not."

"Ah! that accounts for it, I reckon; why, if you were to go to Richmond without knowing how to play an innocent game of cards, they would laugh at you, and make fun of you; you would have nobody to associate with."

"Indeed," said Willie, "mother always

told me that when I was in company,

she would act as other people acted."

The wily devisor saw that his speech was having its effect, and continued:

"Yes; your mother has taught you rightly there to do as other people do; I never was in the company of ladies and gentlemen, without playing a game of what or some other equally interesting; besides, it is considered almost a necessary accomplishment, in the genteel circles of society, to be able to play cards."

"Is it possible?" was Willie's ejaculation.

The destroyer perceived the ruddy glow in his eye, and his only expression of thanks was that simple, earnest prayer:

"God bless you!" That was enough; it broke the emotions that swelled his soul.

Among the people, with whom I have associated, and I have mingled with the most enlightened and refined, card playing is one of the easiest roads to honor and popularity."

Alas! he told not that those roads were smooth and broad, declining downward to the depths of eternal misery; he told not with the poet that

"Millions of pilgrims through those roads, bearing their burdens or their loads, Down to eternal night!"

But it is hardly our province to moralize, especially in a conversation that savors much of life and death.

Robert Springs, the man of amiable disposition, proper behavior and good morals, proceeded:

"Ah! Willie, you do not know enough of the world yet, but you will soon have to find out, and then you will see that what I have told you is all true; why I have seen a young man in company, who was not acquainted with the art of playing, and he became so ashamed of himself that he snaked over the room, a wiser but a sadder man; he was laughed at, and ridiculed so, that his face was red all the time with blushes of shame; and then too, when any one is tired of walking and talking and seeing, why all he has to do is to find a pleasant companion, and go to a private room and take an innocent game of cards; and besides, it is one of the most delightful and fascinating plays that was ever invented."

"I wish I could play," exclaimed Louis in glee.

Willie was silent for a time, and various emotions raged within his breast, at last he said:

"Do too, if I was certain that it was not wrong."

"Oh! Ishaw! that same old excuse," said Robert, with a sacer, "why I have seen the best and most moral people playing, in fact everybody, nearly of rank and gentility, plays; for my life, I can't see where is sin in it."

"It may be right for ought I know, but before I'll play, I must ask mother's permission," said Willie through pity.

"Ishay!" replied the teacher, with a contemptuous grin, "do you trot to your mother, every time you do anything? you had better ask her, whether you ought to get your lessons any more."

The sneer had its effect, and Willie answered in a pealed tone:

"No, I am not going to run to mother for everything you must have misundestood my tone of voice before, I was joking, and I thought you would have known that."

"I thought so," responded Robert, "I thought you could not have meant what you said, for I have found out that you have a good deal of what people call common sense, and what a fool I'll be if I'm not to be taken in by your words."

"It may be right for ought I know, but before I'll play, I must ask mother's permission," said Willie through pity.

"Ishay!" replied the teacher, with a contemptuous grin.

"That is a fact. I don't believe she does know, and as to telling anything about it, I never would do that, and have the whole town laughing at us."

Robert Springs saw that he had made a compact and therefore forced to press the subject further, but with a look of well-figured surprise, he said, after gazing rapidly at his watch:

"I'll go with you," said Willie.

"I'll go with you," was the answer of the trustful, comical boy.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1858.

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT, EDITORS.

Corresponding Editors.
Rev. G. STAPLES, Portsmouth, Va.
WILLIAM R. HUNTER, South Carolina.

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The Rail Road Discussion.

At this present time we see no material good to result from a general discussion of the Rail road connection between Greensboro and Danville, only so far as to correct the misapprehensions of those who may approve the connection. We have overlooked upon this as a work of *State interest*, and have, therefore, from our first connection with the press, advocated it in our columns. We deny all selfish motives in the formation of our opinion; we are not so straightforward in our judgement as to be circumscribed by a small locality, nor so dishonest as to attempt knowingly to lead another into a selfsacrificing act for our own personal advantage. Higher and nobler the motives that prompt us to action; or may our tongue cleave to the roof of our mouth, and our hand fall palsied by our side, ere we be again guilty of such an offence.

In reply to the remarks made in the Times of the 5th inst., the *Warrenton News* rejects our arguments as having "utterly failed to prove" the correctness of our position. The *News* says we are an interested witness, and, therefore, our testimony is not to be allowed full weight. Hence it is but reasonable to suppose we "utterly failed to prove" anything satisfactorily to the *News*. Be it so. The *News* urges as its strongest position against the Greensboro and Danville connection, the probable injury to the Raleigh & Gaston road, which runs through Warren, near the Editor's sanctum. How stands the charge of self interest here? O that the beam might be pulled out of our eyes, before we attempted to extract a mote from our neighbor's.

The great cry from the opposition is against the building up of Richmond, to the detriment of our own State interests. But how stands the consistency of our Warren friends, the county whose mouth-piece is the *News*? Only a few days since the editor attended a barbecue, given for the purpose of calling the people together and discussing the propriety of running a connection from the county of Warren to the Richmond and Danville road, and thus have a direct access to Richmond. At this meeting, in which the editor participated, the building of this connection was urged because it would do away the necessity of the Greensboro and Danville connection; and secondly give them a cheaper route to the Richmond market.

The proceedings of this meeting are published in the same paper that reads us a lesson on state pride, the ruinous consequences of building up Richmond instead of our own State towns; and on *self interest*, the motive spring of our faith! It is wonderful how some people can see nothing good, but on the contrary everything evil, in any scheme that does not coin money in their coffers, while every scheme that coins them money is advocated through pure motives as a great state enterprise!

One word as to diverting all Western North Carolina freight over this connection to seek an outlet through Richmond. We do not believe it will be the case. The Agent at this place informed us a few days since that every week freight was hauled in wagons from Danville and its surroundings to be sent off on the North Carolina Road. This is another argument for the *News* based upon self interest.

Yet it will have its weight and what will the opponents to this connection say? Are we visionary to expect the Merchants of Danville to ship their goods by the way of Beaufort. It will depend upon the shipping documents of the place and upon the tariffs on the connecting roads. If these give satisfaction, the patronage

will come; if they do not, the patronage is not deserved and the people have a right to defend themselves against unjust monopolies. The Greensboro and Danville connection will not injure the state, but on the contrary we contend with fidelity it is a great state work, demanded by the interest of the state and by the interest of the people. The opposition are trying to drive us from this position by throwing it into politics. But as we advocated the road previous to the last legislature from principle, and before the positions were taken by the present gubernatorial candidates, we shall continue to advocate it through principle, fearless of these underhanded maneuvers.

While on this subject, it may not be too great a digression to give a few facts, which some may be ignorant of: The following communication is copied from the Charlotte *Democrat*:

Shortest Routes.

Mr. Birrell: I desire to draw your attention, and through you the attention of the public, to the various newspaper articles that are obtaining more or less notice through the efforts of interested persons, on the various established or proposed Railroad Routes between the two principal commercial cities in the United States—New York and New Orleans. In the Washington Union of the 28th May, under the head of "new postal arrangements," may be found a flattering nod, to the truculent public, an exceedingly interesting article setting forth the (herefore unusual) dispatch which certain Railroad Companies had effected for the transportation of the U. S. Mail and passengers between New York and New Orleans, in the extraordinary short time of 4 days and 17 hours, and hereafter to be reduced to 3 days and 12 hours. Likewise that arrangements had been perfected with the Department in connection with the above, for a semi-monthly mail via Tehuantepec to San Francisco, which is to shorten the present time 10 days between New York and California. This article is followed up by a systematic and detailed statement in the various newspapers along said routes urging upon the Government at Washington the recognition of this route as the shortest and most practicable one between the north and south.

Now, sir, I am astonished that a lethargy, almost amounting to imbecility, has taken possession of the public prints of our State. I have as yet heard of only one newspaper in the State (Wilmington Journal) which has given utterance to the single expression of opposition to the assumptions made in the comparisons of distances, advantages, &c., of other routes. I do not propose to go into detail as to the merits or demerits of the various proposed routes, which have or should attract public attention; but merely intend, if I possibly can do so, to draw out public opinion as to what is really and truly the *worst* and *most direct* of all the routes which have or can be proposed between the North and the South. And that this article may not be prolonged, I shall proceed to the comparison of relative distances on the routes most prominent in this connection, as it is believed from reliable data, with the hope that the public journals which have noticed the articles alluded to will see the propriety of giving this a notice:

Distance from New York to New Orleans via East Tennessee & Virginia Railroad:

From New York to	miles.
Washington	240
Richmond	130
Burkeville	53
Lynchburg	71
Bristol	204
Knoxville	130
Dalton	110
Chattanooga	38
Grand Junction	257
Water Valley	73
Goodman's Station	95
South Div of Mississippi Cen. R. R.	25
New Orleans	296
Total	1,632

Distance from New York to New Orleans via Washington and Manchester Railroad:

From New York to	miles.
Washington	240
Richmond	130
Burkeville	53
Lynchburg	71
Bristol	204
Knoxville	130
Dalton	110
Chattanooga	38
Grand Junction	257
Water Valley	73
Goodman's Station	95
South Div of Mississippi Cen. R. R.	25
New Orleans	296
Total	1,612

This showing from actual official distances will not doubt surprise a great many people who have swallowed, without examination, the report of the great saving of distance by the new route.

SERIOUS TIMES IN FLORIDA:—From a private letter dated the 16th inst., we learn that there is a serious malady among the cattle in the region of Ocoee. Our informant says: "There seems to be a strange disease among the cattle. Cows and deer are dying by the hundreds, and the woods are filled with the dead ones. Even the buzzards that prey upon the carcasses die from the effect of the disease."

Another very serious objection is that a platform discussion before an excited and ill-tempered audience affords no test of the fitness of the candidate. Declamation and anecdote shew merit and integrity in the shade. A few stories well told, with a spiciness of vulgarity thrown in to make them acceptable, will easily bring the people to a decision.

Mr. Hon. David S. Reid will please accept our thanks for valuable Public Documents. His frequent favors are duly appreciated.

A Public Reproof.

During the discussion at Beaufort the 7th inst., between the Gubernatorial candidates, sharp words were uttered, which led to blows. We are glad to see that an amicable settlement of the difficulty has been made, but the occasion should not be passed over in silence. As candidates for the highest position within the gift of our people they should be held amenable for the reproach brought upon the State, and made an example for the future. We cordially commend the remarks of the North Carolina Presbyterian on this subject, as being just and well timed. They set forth what should be the sentiments of every mind.

The political Press of the State for the past week have contained full accounts of a fight which occurred between the candidates for Governor in the town of Beaufort, on Monday the 7th instant. It is not our purpose or province to condense these accounts and from them endeavor to present an impartial statement of the facts; for in the first place it is scarcely possible to give an accurate report from the conflicting testimony published; and in the second place, no statement how ever accurate and impartial in its details, would satisfy the parties implicated in the fight and their political sympathizers and adherents.

It is gratifying to observe that the Press with scarcely an exception regret and condemn this act on the part of the candidates. It is a noteworthy fact that with only one exception, so far as we have seen, they are disposed to cast the chief blame upon the candidate of the opposite party, and as far as possible excuse their own candidate. It has been easy to detect the political affinities of each journal from its particular version of the fracas. But notwithstanding this manifest leaning of each towards its own candidate, there has been a very general and commendable disapprobation of the conduct of the gentlemen who in a moment of passion descended to engage in a personal conflict, and have thus brought a reproach upon the State. It is our duty to add our voice to the public expression of condemnation, and we do so sorrowfully and yet feebly. No one can accuse us of partisan bias or prejudice, nor shall any be able to discover our political sympathies from our language of disapproval and rebuke.

Being acquainted with both, having long admired their talents, and believing that each has natural gifts of a high order, qualifying him to administer the duties of office successfully, we could not induce a disposition to show favor or the injustice to either. If we may be excused for referring to a personal matter, it will shield us from any such suspicion to mention that we have voted only twice in the State (once previously at Princeton against a sectional party) and we impartially divided our ballots between a Whig and a Democrat—selecting the *best man*; and we may add still further that at the approaching election, we certainly do not intend to vote for either of the candidates whose conduct in the present subject we have voted only twice in the State (once previously at Princeton against a sectional party) and we impartially divided our ballots between a Whig and a Democrat—selecting the *best man*; and we may add still further that at the approaching election, we certainly do not intend to vote for either of the candidates whose conduct in the present subject we have voted only twice in the State (once previously at Princeton against a sectional party) and we impartially divided our ballots between a Whig and a Democrat—selecting the *best man*; 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WRITERS FOR THE TIMES.

Among the Books.

BY J. STARK HOLLOWAY.

Following the Drum—Specimens of Douglas Jerrold's Wit—Second Series of Harry's Sermons—London Quarterly Review—M. Martineau's Moral Philosophy—Chapel Congregational Edinburgh Review—Little Ossian Review—Aldrich's new Oriental Poem—Recollections of Shelley and Byron—New Issues and New Announcements.

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Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, Boston, have just issued the second volume of the Posthumous Works of the Rev. John Harris, edited by the Rev. Philip Smith, his late colleague in New and Chestnut Colleges, comprising *Sermons and Addresses Delivered on Special Occasions*. The former works of this eloquent and lamented divine, including, among others, the *Death of La Monte*—from Peterson & Bros., Mary Denton, by Mrs. A. S. Stephens—and from the Appletons the second vol. of the new Cyclopedias. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have in press, a Life of Douglas Jerrold, a new *Poem by Longfellow*, and a new volume by De Quincey.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

NEW YORK, June 19, 1858.

MURDER TRIALS—New Orleans Committee—Foreign Press—Ocean Telegraph—Ex-President Monroe—Health of the City—California—Business—Country—Charles—Peaches—Almond.

Cancemi, for the murder of Anderson, the Policeman; Lally for the murder of Simonson, in Brooklyn, and Dowd for the murder of Dooly, are on trial this week; the third trial. The corruption in lawyers, witnesses and juries, in Cancemi's different trials, are unprecedented, and he has been hung the first trial.

The givers and shakers here are very much charmed that blood was not shed in New Orleans as they predicted, and would have exultingly pointed at it and said, "see you great queen City deluged in blood, and talk no more about Northern Butcheries in our cities."

The news from England is entirely contrary, and promises a speedy settlement of the Grecian agitations. The people on the other side we are much astonished as we at the news!

Fifteen minutes is a short time for recess; half an hour is better, particularly in summer.

During recess, the school-room ought

to be thrown open in warm weather, and the windows dropped a little way in the cool weather, so as to thoroughly ventilate the apartment.

We have hardly learned yet, that pure air is as important to health and convenient in every respect, can certainly strike an object of the size of a man once out of every three times, at the distance of 1,000 yards, while its full effective range is 2,000 yards."

Col. Jacobs, it seems, has not only improved the bullet, upon the shape of which, almost

entirely, depends the length of the range, but he has invented a shell which he fires from his rifle and with which he exploded an ammunition box at the distance of 1200 yards, at the ninth shot. This was a very important result, but it is thrown into the shade by that obtained on a second trial.

On this occasion, a powder box

was set up, at the distance of 1800 yards (four yards over a mile.) It was ten feet

square, and contained a charge of about five hundred pounds of gunpowder.

A number of other rifles, besides that of Col. Jacobs, were fired, but the Jacobs rifle carried the day, the shell striking and exploding the box on the twenty first shot.

Five days ago, the Ocean Telegraph had

published an article on the subject of

the progress of English Agriculture, which

was well appreciated by the American

public, and has a very wide circulation in this country and in England, and the new volume will certainly add to the

reputation of the author, and give to his

name a long-lingering, grateful sense of

pleasure. The two volumes should be pur-

chased together, and owned by every Chris-

tian household. To the Christian student

we recommend in particular the volume

just published, for a plan and arrangement

which we have not space to give here, but

which the work itself unfolds.

In the new number of the *London Quarterly Review* (reprint of Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co., New York, for April) there

are a number of readable articles, of a lig-

ht and more popular character than usual.

The Early Life of Johnson is made the sub-

ject of the opening article, a lengthy and

thoroughly appreciative paper, as interest-

ing as a romance. Fictions of Bohemia

is a brief and readable account of a cer-

tain sort of people, found everywhere, who

are no fiction. Italian Tours and Tourists

review, Italian travel in general, and Ital-

ian's Six Months in Italy in particular.

The Progress of English Agriculture will

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The Church and Congregation, a Per-

manent Fund for the Poor, by the Rev. C. A. Bartol

is among the latest, and, during the pres-

ent religious interest throughout the country,

most attractive of the publications of

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields.

It is exciting some controversy in religious circles, and the Atlantic Monthly, in a page of review, briefly states the chief points for which the author contends. Some of these are at the

overthrow of the best established principles upon which the church has hitherto

rested, and, coming from a clergyman will ex-

cite considerable surprise and discussion.

While we cannot agree with his sug-

gestions concerning the Lord's Supper, we

find his arguments fully indicative of his

character, truly religious and religious genius.

His mind is fertile in analogies, exhibiting

a wide command of language and illus-

tration, and enabling him to fortify his posi-

tion by logical deduction. Readers who

delight in religious argument will find Mr.

Bartol the man for them.

The good old British Quarterly—the

Edinburgh Review—for the April quar-

ter, published by Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co., New York. This number completes the one hundred and seventh volume of this favorite old periodical. It still maintains its long-earned reputation. The papers of the present number most interesting to American readers are those on the A. of C. of California, and Edgar A. Poe. In the latter the author takes his cue from the scandalous biography of Griswold prefaced to Poe's Works, and of course gives poor

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, June 21, 1858.

Stampede of Members of Congress—Major Berney and police reform—Ours—Respite of James—Fathers—Odd-Fellows—Naval Court-Martial—Franking privilege not abolished—Public Buildings, &c.

Senate had Congress adjourned before the Senators and Representatives from the several States took flight, and our city, at least as far as these "honorable men" are concerned, is now deserted. Everybody, who has not already gone, is getting ready for the Springs, and from all appears the summer here will be dull.

Major Berney took his seat on Monday last;—his measures, so far, have been confined to the new, dodecimo style, and hand-somely bound, is a lively record of military adventure on the Mexican border, written by the wife of an officer who accompanied her husband to the field, or rather the outskirts of the field, and from that near point describes her experiences and sensations. These are related in a piquant, offhand manner, and with charming naïveté, and are the more lively and agreeable as coming from a woman relating a woman's actual experience. The lady has a keen perception; the roll of a drum was sweet music to her ears; boots and spurs and a clashing charge stirred every emotion of her soul; and the tent and battle-ground she loved as her home. At least her narrative seems to say as much; and, coming from a lady, and a military lady at that, why, we must believe. We cordially commend the book to those who are fond of a sprightly narrative of spirited adventure.

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THE TIMES



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

To my Friend, Little Linwood.

By M. D. WILLIAMS.

They came, beloved, as I sat alone,
The winds of the soft and soothng tone,
And I raised my eyes to the broad blue skies,
With a grateful heart, for the glad surprise,
As they came like the rush of an angel's wing.
The balm, for a wounded heart, to bring;
And the mission, beloved, was not in vain,
For it gave new strength to bear life's pain.

'Twas night, and the light had passed away,
And I was by the hearthstone grey;
My soul was wrapped in the dreamy past,
When the flowers bloomed, 'er the chilling

breeze.

And the death-frosts laid their beauties low,
Thus I sat and mused of the long ago,
When thy words, beloved, of the soothng tone
Revealed to me I was not alone.

'Tis sweet, in the chill of adversity's night,
To greet the soft vision of sympathy's light,
Yet sooner than sunshine, or summer's soft
Are love's genial accents unchanged and true,
When her vernal blossoms have faded and
gone.

And loved ones have left us to more to return,
When nature's glad noises can never again
Give joy to our spirit, or banish its pain.

'Tis sweet, when the storm-clouds have dark-
en'd.

To greet the return of the sun's genial ray,
But sweeter, when sorrow pervades the heart,
The words of affection, which thou dost impart,
Then wake, gentle sister, thy harps to me,
For I pine for the voice of its minstrelsy,
And I will breathe to Heaven, a silent prayer,
That peace may be thine, and a Father's care.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Hattie Harwood's Journal to her
Mother.

By INA CLAYTON.

May 1st. I can hardly realize, dear
Mother, that the distance of twelve hundred
miles separates us, yet, I am some-
times painfully reminded of the fact, and
at such times, I feel as if I would give
the whole world, were it mine, to be near
you, where each day I might receive your
counsel, and bask in the sunlight of your
smiles.

Herbert is extravagantly fond of me, and I assure you, all that wealth can
procure or affection bestow, is mine. I
am pleasantly situated, mother mine, our
mansion is lofty and magnificent, and ele-
gantly furnished, costly equipages drawn

by superb horses are ever ready to con-
vey me wherever I would go, and slaves

without number await my commands, but
of all my pleasures my equestrian tours

are the most enjoyed. Herbert usually accom-
panies me, and, often outstrip him in the race.

I half believe he allows me to do so on purpose to please me, noble,

generous Herbert, what if I had married

Tom Hyde do you think I should ever

have been so amply cared for? No, he is
no other northerner are to be compared with Herbert. You did not think,

mother dear, that your little snub nosed

Hattie would ever be so petted and caressed,

or occupy so high a position, no did I

once think all my wild dreams would be

realized. This tropical climate suits me,

and especially, this luxuriant indolent life.

Yonder mid the orange and magnolia

trees Herbert has had a summer house

erected, for purpose of me, and I often

go there to indulge in my literary pur-

suits, even Herbert does not intrude upon

these hours of quiet, and it is then I

can hold communion with myself and

with God. You know I always loved

solitude, and I find that I love it no less

now, than when a child in my northern

home.

June 11th. Dear mother, with such a

round of pleasures, company and prepa-

rations for our summer excursion, I have

quite neglected my journal, but you have

often been the subject of my thoughts

and I have sometimes even fancied my-
self by your side again, receiving your

gentle admonitions and the hourly demon-
strations of your untiring affection for

myward child. Mother, there seem to

be no thorns in my pathway, it is all sun-
shine no clouds obscure my horizon, and

yet my heart reaches out for something,

still I know not what; you are a christ-
ian, mother, and perchance you can tell

me what it is. You have sometimes

told me that this world with all its plea-
sures cannot reach the wants of the soul,

and that those who have drained the

cup of earthly happiness, are still led to

exhale "vanities of vanities."

Gumbo, the cunningest little negro that

ever wore wool, one of our house pets,

came to me the other day, and said,

"Miss, since you learned me to read in

the Bible I don't care much for anything in

dis' are earthly world but only to lay up

treasures above." Mother this set me to

thinking—but I must leave my journal,

as a carriage has stopped at the door la-
den with smiling faces. Should we be so

delightful in the eyes of these worshippers

we're stripped of our wealth? heigho,

mother, what a question.

Ashley Springs, July 3rd. It is a

charming place here at the springs the

scenery is fine, the water is good, but as

regards life's luxuries I am as amply sur-

rounded by them at home as here. Yester-

day I strolled away into a grove near by

and there wrote a short poem, only think

mother, of a fashionable woman, for so I

am called, becoming a blue: a little bird

came and perched itself on my hand as I

sat there writing, and sang so sweetly

that I caught it and took it to the Hotel

with me. Imagin' if you can how Herbert

laughed at me as I returned with "pome"

in one hand and the bird in the other.

I think the little creature must have

escaped from its cage as it seems so gentle.

July 15. Last evening I met with an

adventure of a startling nature. There

was a "hop" in the drawing room, and at

ter revelling 'mid the scene for two or

three hours I escaped, apparently unno-

ticed, to the balcony and found the scene

without better adapted to my feelings than

the one where pride and fashion reigned

supreme. I pronged the pizza above,

for the space of an hour when reaching

through the lattice to pluck a rose a little

snake coiled 'round mybien. I screamed

for dear life, as any lady naturally would

be being attacked by a species of the reptile

which first induced fair Eve to sin, thus

bringing Herbert to the rescue, besides many other gallant gentlemen who gladly assisted in carrying me to my boudoir. Even through the agency of such a misfortune I was rejoiced to get rid of again joining the dupes of fashion, and enjoy Herbert's society alone. Susy my little waiting maid tells me she has heard a heap folks say I was the belle of the season, of course I know I am not, or at least I have no desire to be. I dress a great deal to be sure, and my jewels are worth a fortune but I do not think I am any happier for all this. I am wearying of this gay life and shall return to our dear home before long if the weather will permit.

Aug. 1st. Yesterday there was many new arrivals, and among the number was the veritable Tom Hyde. Last evening we met in the drawing room, the look of dismay his features wore was utterly appalling, as he approached me and proffered his wasted hand. I waltzed with him once during the evening, perhaps I did wrong, but I could not very well refuse him. On asking him if he was well he whispered "no, Hattie, this life is about over with me, and I cannot regret it since I knew what he intended by asking him to take me to Herbert. He says he intends to remain only a week. I suspect his means will not permit of his staying longer.

Herbert had kindly offered him assistance, and doing it in a way which need cause no offence but his offered kindness was refused.

Sept. 4th. At home again, dear mother, and I, by no means, regret it. I can be myself a little more of the time here, than at the springs, however we are throned with company a greater part of the time. Yesterday I spoke long, and I believe eloquently, to Herbert in regard to this false, unsatisfying life, appealing to his good judgment to point out a way in which we might be of more use to the world, and live less for our own selfish pleasures. "To live the kind of life you seem to desire," he said very seriously, "we must imitate as far as we can the life of our Savior, seek out the poor, and suffering, and go sell all we have and give to them. I have long felt the shallowness of this fashionable life and have oftentimes secretly resolved to do differently, but, Hattie, I did not know as you felt so deeply in this matter. "What does it avail?" I said, "though we gain the whole world and lose our own souls." Herbert drew me to his breast. "You have spoken the very feelings of my own heart," he said, and now Hattie, "do all the good you can and you will find me ready to aid you in every benevolent enterprise." Now mother, you, where each day I might receive your counsel, and bask in the sunlight of your smiles.

Herbert is extravagantly fond of me, and I assure you, all that wealth can procure or affection bestow, is mine. I am pleasantly situated, mother mine, our mansion is lofty and magnificent, and ele-

gantly furnished, costly equipages drawn

by superb horses are ever ready to con-

vey me wherever I would go, and slaves

without number await my commands, but

of all my pleasures my equestrian tours

are the most enjoyed. Herbert usually accom-

panies me, and, often outstrip him in the race.

I half believe he allows me to do so on

purpose to please me, noble,

generous Herbert, what if I had married

Tom Hyde do you think I should ever

have been so amply cared for? No, he is

no other northerner are to be compared with

Herbert. You did not think,

mother dear, that your little snub nosed

Hattie would ever be so petted and caressed,

or occupy so high a position, no did I

once think all my wild dreams would be

realized. This tropical climate suits me,

and especially, this luxuriant indolent life.

Yonder mid the orange and magnolia

trees Herbert has had a summer house

erected, for purpose of me, and I often

go there to indulge in my literary pur-

suits, even Herbert does not intrude upon

these hours of quiet, and it is then I

can hold communion with myself and

with God. You know I always loved

solitude, and I find that I love it no less

now, than when a child in my northern

home.

June 11th. Dear mother, with such a

round of pleasures, company and prepa-

rations for our summer excursion, I have

quite neglected my journal, but you have

often been the subject of my thoughts

and I have sometimes even fancied my-
self by your side again, receiving your

gentle admonitions and the hourly demon-
strations of your untiring affection for

myward child. Mother, there seem to

be no thorns in my pathway, it is all sun-
shine no clouds obscure my horizon, and

yet my heart reaches out for something,

still I know not what; you are a christ-
ian, mother, and perchance you can tell

me what it is. You have sometimes

told me that this world with all its plea-
sures cannot reach the wants of the soul,